

# CARMEL CYMBAL

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FIVE CENTS. \$2 THE YEAR

## Jo Mora Tells What He Knows and Feels About Harrison Library Mess Sculptor Uncovers a Few Most Interesting Details

Carmel, California, July 18, 1927

EDITOR Carmel Cymbal:

The following is my version of this Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library squabble and I hope you will publish it, not so much that it may prove of interest to your readers, but rather that I may have an opportunity to state my part in it and that the public may then form their own conclusions and judge me as they see fit. I thought I had taken my medicine like a good little boy, disinfected some of the odors that had cropped up, scratched it off the pad, and was once more cruising the even tenor of my ways when this last stirring up occurred. Since then I have been the object of much discussion, bad, worse and impossible. I have been openly accused of "crabbing", and some wise ones have raised an eyebrow and wondered what I had "hanging over me" to force me to keep silent during all this smelly upheaval. Frankly, I'm fed up on it; so here's my simple tale

and you'll all know just how I stand in dire consequence thereof. We're off!

Some years ago J. C. Anthony, the Monterey contractor, came to me and said that Argyll Campbell had telephoned him that two ladies were on the way to consult him regarding a Memorial Library for Carmel. He met these ladies—Miss Kate Conway, executrix of the late Mrs. Harrison's estate, and Mrs. Lotta Shipley—and they consulted with him regarding the designs for the proposed Harrison Memorial Library. Anthony then asked me if I would undertake this commission. I asked him if he had made any contract or other arrangements for this work and he admitted he had not. We talked this over and then decided to see the city attorney of Carmel and ask his opinion on the stability of this proposition. So Anthony had a personal interview with Mr. Campbell and was assured by this gentleman that the proposition was bona

(Turn to Page Twelve)

## How About The Dogs?

WE received a letter just yesterday from an out-of-town subscriber who has lived in Carmel, and it says: "What a fool idea it is to try to keep dogs off the streets! Do you mean to say that the Minges' dog can't go about his legitimate business of conducting the delivery wagon on its route? Why, hardly anybody in Carmel has an enclosed yard to keep a dog in! I think it is ridiculous, don't you?"

Now, what do you think? Send in the following blank and tell us.

Editor, The Carmel Cymbal:

I am heartily OPPOSED to an ordinance that would deprive licensed dogs the freedom of the streets in Carmel.

### S. F. B. MORSE'S NEW YACHT APPEARS IN CARMEL BAY

S. F. B. Morse's new fifty-foot yacht was in Carmel bay on Sunday. It was launched on Friday of last week in Stockton. Those present on the trip to Carmel were Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, Mr. and Mrs. Gouveneur Morris, and Mr. and Mrs. Morse

### Hilda's "Pirates" Can Not Be Vanquished

I hold a brief for the Pirates. They not only play a snappy game of ball—all the teams in the league do that—but they have the happy faculty of extricating themselves from tight places with an airy grace that is delightful. When necessary their pitcher, whether it is By Prior or Vic Renslow, can strike out his man when the bases are loaded, the in-field can execute double plays that leave the spectators blinking, and the outfield have been seen to jump in the air like leaping tunas, or scoop up shoe string catches, and come up smiling—and holding the ball.

Last Sunday they played the Monterey team they had previously defeated for the soft ball championship, and to show them it was no mistake, beat them again, 2 to 1. The score was kept down by the fine pitching on the part of Vic Renslow and Sammy. Carmel played Walls, Renslow Ollasen, Hale, King Johns, Winsor Josselyn, Mike Uzzell, Larry Prior and Henkel. Monterey brought over Rose, Sammy, Slipner, Carey, Thompson, Dunlap, Lanette, Hansen, Darling and Noggle. The game was a quick one, fast fielding and good pitching kept the spectators interested. Darling played a good game for the Monterey boys, he hit and covered the base well. When Don Hale came to bat he was greeted with shouts of "Well boys here's the mascot", but he got a hit all right. In the third with the bases loaded Vic struck out the last batter and saved the score. By Prior thought that he had better get a hit, so singled cleanly through second, and when Freddy Machado made a sacrifice bunt, he stole third. Then Vic made a two bagger and By scored. In the fifth Winsor Josselyn ran in and speared what looked like a home run, with one hand. In the latter half of this inning King bounced the ball over the pitcher's head, and got to second on an



overthrow to first. Johns hit, and Carey made a pretty double out, and they did not score. There was no more scoring, and the American Legion took the field against the Pirates.

The Legionnaires were Zanetti, Rose Slipner, Darling, Hale, Hansen, Ammerman, Morris, Gottfried and Carey. The Pirates played their regular line-up, King, Renslow, By Prior, Mike Uzzell, Walls, Jessie Leslie, Hicks, Deamorel and Alderson. Don Hale pitched for the Legion and Rose caught. Renslow started to pitch for the Pirates, with By Prior catching. There was no scoring in the first inning or the second. Then the Legion boys tightened their belts and Carey hit, so did Zanetti, Rose was out, and Slipner got to base on errors and so did Darling, and three runs came in.

Then the buccaneers did their stuff. Jessie Leslie was caught out, and Waldo Hicks hit over second. Martin Deamorel was out to second, and Alderson hated to see Waldo looking so hurt and lonely on base, so he hit. King followed suit and Lew Johns hit over second. Then Vic did his little good deed, and hit a three bagger.

That made things look a bit better, but when the Pirate infield walked on, By was in the pitchers box, Vic was covering first, and Walls was catching. Stunned, by this, the next three players went out. The Pirates scored two runs in the next when Mike Uzzell hit, and was out at second as Walls made first, Jessie Leslie hit over second, Hicks and Martin Deamorel also connected. Then By struck out a couple, Zanetti hit and was out at third. Don walked King as his team mates yelled at Hal Bragg who was umpiring "Oh you robber, what did we bring you over from Monterey for?" Lew was out, due to Don's snappy play, and when Vic came up he was greeted with shouts of "Well, here's old lucky". To show his contempt Vic grasped his bat and hit another three bagger, whether to show luck was with him all the time, or to prove his skill, nobody knows. Byron got a two bagger and stole third, but died there. In the sixth Darling made a pretty play for a double out, the seventh wasn't very interesting, but the eighth made up for it.

With two men on bases, and that cry of "lucky" still ranking a bit, Vic strolled up, grasped his bat and looked Don firmly in the eye. Then he knocked the ball right over the road behind the center and middle fielder. He swears he touched second as he skimmed over it on his way home, with time to spare. Just to make the legion men remember that what Sherman said about war also applies to baseball at times, Byron showed them that it wasn't luck that put the Pirates where they were, but hanged good baseball. He hit the second homer in the inning. Three men came to bat in the first of the ninth, but By was smiling in the box and they went out as smoothly as they came in, and the Pirates had won another game.

Score 10—4.

Just to avoid all arguments, and to prevent real jealousy, I wish to state emphatically, that the gentleman in earrings and moustachios at the head of the column is not meant for any Pirate player in particular. Bob Hestwood came up to the game Sunday, and presented me with that little mascot this morning.

—HILDA

Ruth Price, secretary of The Theatre of The Golden Bough during the 1926 season, is now in Paris, according to word received by friends here, after spending five months in Italy.

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## Panteleieff Concert Stirs Music Lovers

**M**AX Panteleieff, the famous baritone of the Russian Grand Opera Company, and his wife, Consuelo Cloos, mezzo-soprano with the same company, who are in Carmel for the summer months gave a concert at the Theatre of The Golden Bough on Sunday, that was one of the finest musical events that has ever taken place on the Peninsula.

Mr. Panteleieff has a baritone of pleasing quality, richly robust. There is feeling and imagination in all his singing and whether it be pathos or humour, he conveys each mood splendidly. His artistry is seldom equalled, and it was a joy to hear his interpretations of the Russian classics. His first superb control of breath and placing of tone was evident in first group of three songs, and he responded to the enthusiastic encores of the large audience with Mephisto's Song of the Flea, music by Moussorgsky. He sang it colorfully and brilliantly.

In his second group the artist included "Deep River" displaying the sonority and beauty of his voice. L'Huere Exquise Melisande, and In Questa Tomba Oscura, completed this admirable group.

The last three songs, Benediction, Serenade, and the Aria "Prince Galitsky" from "Prince Igor", were encored again and again. The sympathetic quality of Panteleieff's magnificent baritone was heard in Benediction, and the latter two gave the audience an opportunity to see his dramatic ability as well as the value and distinction of his singing. He sang the Aria in a faultless manner, and for an encore sang "The Volga Boatman" in a way that only a Russian can do. His tonal excellence, and rare beauty of voice inspired great admiration.

Consuelo Cloos, who studied with her famous husband for two years, completely captured her audience. She possesses a mezzo-soprano of power and sweetness, and it was heard to advantage in the Aria from "Don Carlos" by Verdi, and in a group of three songs. Gretchaninow's "Steepe" found instant favour with her audience, Reger's "Berceuse" and Hal Lu Li were delightfully rendered, and her encore "Mighty Like A Rose", seemed very different from the familiar song under her skillful handling. It may not be out of place to say here that Madame Cloos was pictorially a great delight and the colorful flowers she received added to the lovely ensemble.

It is not often that artists have a noted composer for an accompanist, and Thomas Vincent Cator's work at the piano was brilliant and sympathetic, and added much to the worth of the afternoon. It is to be hoped that Carmel will have another opportunity to hear these artists of distinction and rare ability.

—HILDA

## "THE MIDNIGHT KISS" AT GOLDEN BOUGH NEXT WEEK

In the old nursery rhyme only one little pig went to market. In "The Midnight Kiss," Fox Films version of John Golden's laugh provoking plays "Pigs" which will be shown at the Golden Bough on Monday and Tuesday, two hundred and fifty of them went squeaking gaily, netting their young owner some thousand percent profit on their way.

In this thoroughly enjoyable story of a kid brother in an American family Richard Walling and Janet Gaynor, both of them among the most promising of the younger generation of screen players, have the leading roles.

As a play this delightful comedy kept Broadway laughing for many months, its charm lying in the utter simplicity of plot and the eternal youth of the main characters. The picture, according to all who saw it yesterday surpasses the play both in characterizations and situations.

Which should a mother hold dearer..... her own happiness or her son's future?" Frank Borzage's "Marriage License", which is shown at the Theatre of The Golden Bough on Tuesday, July 26, unfolds an intensely dramatic story of a young bride who finds herself disliked by

her husband's aristocratic relatives. Later she is accused unjustly and divorced by her husband because of their influence. After a lapse of eighteen years she is shown in France where she has raised her boy in the belief that his father is dead. His meeting with his father and grandfather, and the dramatic climax make a film story that holds the interest till the end. Alma Rubens plays the part of the heroine, and the excellent supporting cast includes Walter Pidgeon, Walter McGrail, Richard Walling and Emily Fitzroy.



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## Serra Pageant Planned Again This Year

THE directors of the Monterey chamber of commerce, authorized a committee to start work on plans for a Serra Pilgrimage again, upon receipt of a wire from Francis Hickson who played Serra in the pageant two years ago. The dates have been set for September 9, 10 and 11.

Hickson, who was on the Peninsula last week, has announced that not only will he play the part of Serra, in which he was so successful, but that he will also take charge of the pageant. On Admission Day and Saturday, it is planned to hold the Serra Pageant in the Forest Theater in Carmel, and on Saturday a special service "blessing of the fishing fleet" may be held on Monterey Bay, and on Sunday the pilgrimage will wind over the hill from Monterey to Carmel.

There is some \$2000 remaining from the funds of the last pilgrimage, held in a local bank, which belongs to the guarantors of the last pilgrimage, and it is hoped that they will release the fund to put on this 1927 pilgrimage. If the pageant is successful this year it is hoped to make it an annual event on the Peninsula.

### YES, IT'S ONE OF THOSE THINGS THAT HURT WHEN THEY SIT DOWN ON YOU

There is always something new and different in Carmel, but not very often do the erudite scientific journals make a note of it. In the proceedings of the Academy of Science of April 27, 1927, we find that the "Bremus caliginosus tardus," a new variety thus named by T. H. Frison, has made his appearance in Carmel. There is more about him. "Holotype male No. 2438, in California Academy of Science, collected by Louis Slevin, July 20, 1921, at Carmel, California."

Yes, you are quite right. He is a bumble bee.

### MRS. WHITMAN'S ROADSTER DOES A BACK DIVE

On Tuesday morning the Buick roadster belonging to Mrs. Paul Whitman was parked on the slope in front of Stella's and the two young Whitman children were left in the car while Mrs. Whitman went to the bank. In some manner one of them loosened the brake and the car rooled backwards into the little fence by the Carmel Realty Company, tearing it down and moving the frame building about an inch over from the sidewalk. Fortunately neither of the youngsters were hurt.

### GOOD NEW SIGN ADORNS EL DORADO EATING PLACE

One of the striking things the visitor to Carmel notes and comments upon is the unique character and general good taste displayed in the signs adorning our shops and tea rooms. Probably in no other



place in the country could such opportunity be found for the expression of the quaint, the dignified or the bizarre invention of devices and insignia of commerce and our shop keepers have taken full advantage of the latitude allowed artistic expression in their painted or hand carved signs and for the most part with results that are highly creditable.

One of our most recent additions which is attracting attention is the hand carved brightly colored sign at El Dorado the new name of the Old Chop House. The device consists of the sun rising behind a mountain peak the forms being derived from motives used in the primitive Indian decorations. It is the work of Robert Hestwood, who has made several of the most interesting and unique signs in Carmel.

Miss Sally Maxwell gave the first of a series of teas last Sunday afternoon at Sally's, when the pretty room was effectively decorated with yellow daisies and yellow candles in large brass seven-branched candle sticks. On each table was a small nosegay of Cecil Bruener

## THE CARMEL CYMBAL

roses. Gladys Vander Roest assisted Miss Maxwell at the tea hour. Some of those who dropped in during the afternoon were: Messrs. and Mesdames Halsted Yates, Tad Stinson, George Lewis, Robert Stanton, Richard Johnson, Paul Flanders, Navas Rey, Roy Coleman, Ralph Todd, Mesdames Mark Kensey, Yodee Remsen, Helen Wilson, Clara Smith Lawler, Misses Lucy Challis and Grace Morris, and Messrs. Talbert and Winsor Josselyn, W. K. Bassett, and George Ball.

### FRENCH KINDERGARTEN TO BE OPENED IN CARMEL

Mlle. de Lacaille has announced that she will open a French kindergarten at her home, the first house south of the Arts and Crafts clubhouse on Casanova street, between Eighth and Ninth, on Monday of next week. The class period will be from 4 to 6 o'clock in the afternoons and the first hour and a half will be devoted to French. She will take pupils of from nine to twelve years old. Arrangements can be made by telephoning Mlle. de Lacaille, Carmel 632.

In the Red Book for August there are two stories by Carmel writers. Robert Welles Ritchie has "The Will to Love", and Alma and Paul Ellerbe have "Something for Nothing." In the current number of Colliers, "My Best Girl" by Kathleen Norris appears.

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Those chaps wrote plays!  
Whoever saw,  
Well-acted Ibsen, Shakespeare,  
Shaw,  
Would never praise  
George Cohan,  
Naw!

Ah, yes, take Ibsen, Shakespeare, Shaw  
I say, please do!  
I'd give no straw  
For either Ibsen, Shakespeare,  
Pshaw!  
What's this revue  
They say is  
Raw?

IT pays to advertise. Louise Walcott came to me and said to put in this column that if the person who lost the asthma powder at the Forest Theater will come to Cabbages and Kings, why he or she or they, as the case may be, may have it. Louise is willing to cooperate and help me out. Mary Jane Wilkinson isn't. A few nights ago at a concert a friend of hers was saying something smart and I was listening in, and what does Mary Jane say. She stopped the speaker hurriedly with: "Don't tell that before Hilda, she'll put it in her dough-nuts." It sure got a rise out of me.

THERE was great excitement in the office here on Monday. Dog lovers were coming in asking us to hurl editorial thunderbolts and froth at the mouth with venom against the members

of the Carmel city council who feel that the dogs in town should be leashed, and particularly against any member of the board who is dumb enough to think it can be done in a town where we have two members in our police force who are kept busy night and day as it is. The picture of Trustee Woods calling on Chief of Police Gus Englund to chase Boots Remsen, Brownie Overstreet, Tiny Arne, or Firefly Yates to the pound because they had escaped from their end of the leash, was too much for our gravity.

At this psychological moment (that seems like a new way of putting it) in walked Kelly Clarke, and said "Let's recall the town council because they are annoying Blue." (That's his dog). "Can we do it?" somebody said, and George Seideneck drawled, "Well, I don't care what you recall them for, as long as you recall them." Now that is my idea of an upright, open-mouthed citizen.

ONE of our prominent Carmel golfers told me this one on himself, and having watched his game one day I think his friends are justified. Our P. C. G. was playing with three friends and experienced great difficulty in getting his ball out of the rough near the fifth, and cut up the ground rather badly. His partner looked at him sourly. "I wish you wouldn't revoke" he said. Our P. C. G. looked slightly bewildered, "But we are not playing cards". His partner gave him a cold level look and said "No we're not, but you are playing spades instead of clubs."

—HILDA

## MISS MINNA BERGER'S PUPILS GIVE INTERESTING RECITAL

The pupils of Miss Minna Berger, piano teacher, who are remaining here for the summer, were entertained by Miss Berger at a mid-summer recital at her home and each played a selection or two. The work of the pupils was exceedingly creditable and was enjoyed by the parents and friends who were present. Those who contributed to the program were Muriel and Bernard Watson, May Payne, Muriel Eddy, Jean Funches and Jean Leidig.



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# Complete Cast Selected for Romeo and Juliet

**A**CTORS and producers in whom Carmel takes a pride, are working today at the Forest Theater. There is a generous sprinkling of new and good material, too, for "Romeo and Juliet" requires quite a large cast. Herbert Heron, the producing director, and George Ball, the stage director, are enthusiastic about the progress being made, and the spirit shown by those who have small parts, as well as by the principals.

It is an interesting cast. Herbert Heron, who plays Romeo, is a Shakespearean scholar of note, and his fine work as Hamlet last year shows us what to expect from him as Romeo. He has produced other plays of Shakespeare in town. There was "A Midsummer Night's Dream", "Twelfth Night", and "Hamlet". George Ball has not produced any Shakespeare, but his work in "If I Were King" this month at the Forest Theater showed a high degree of excellence. His splendid contribution to Carmel dramatics, both at The Golden Bough and the Arts and Crafts theater give him a firm background.

Edward Kuster played Prince Hal in Carmel, and his work at his own Theatre of The Golden Bough, as producer and actor, is well known. Eugene Watson has played many parts in Carmel, in "Arms and the Man" last year his work stood out. John Jordan is a reader and lover of Shakespeare, and has appeared in many plays in town. Chester Adams, Fletcher Dutton, Robert Bowen, all played in "If I Were King", and Alden Almstead, William Shepard, William Kibbler, Morris Wild were in "Hamlet" last year. David Lloyd has played in many of the Forest Theater productions, and William Titmus, who last appeared in "The Mutant" is always good.

Neville Brush is a newcomer to the stage in Carmel, but he is a player of ability, and acted many important roles when he was with the Stuart Walker Company.

It has been said that the death of the costume play in Carmel will be when Billy Heron and Billy Argo are too old to be pages. They started their careers in this line several years ago in "Twelfth Night", when they had specially written interludes. Last year they played in Hamlet. Valentine Porter has also done work of this kind and Richard Catlett is probably following in the footsteps of his father, Walter Catlett. Roland Usher has never played here before, but he is a relative of the Blackman's, and what would Hamlet have been last year without the O'Neills? While Mr. Blackman has consistently refused many fine roles offered him, his visiting relatives certainly are good workers. Leon Wilson has worked in some of the children's plays in Carmel,

and in school dramatics.

The women in the cast are noted for their excellent work. Jadwiga Noskowiak will play Juliet, and one has but to remember her interpretation of Ophelia last year to know what this will mean. She will make a very lovely Juliet. Louise Walcott is a player of intelligence and great ability, and as Juliet's nurse is doing splendid work. Susan Porter is well known on the stage of the Forest Theater and Tommi Thomson, whose most recent success was in Captain Applejack will play Lady Montague.

The ensemble scenes are being carefully worked out, and Clay Otto is the scenic artist, and is doing splendid work. He is working in a brilliant and artistic manner on the 32 scenes. The music will be in charge of Thomas Vincent Cator, and Carmel knows that means it will be successfully handled. Altogether it looks now as though "Romeo and Juliet" will make real dramatic history in the Forest Theater and Carmel.

## THE CAST

Romeo .....	Herbert Heron
Mercutio .....	Edward Kuster
Friar Lawrence .....	Eugene Watson

Capulet .....	John Jordan
Benvolio .....	William Oliphant
Gregory .....	Chester Adams
Petruchio .....	William Shepard
Tybalt .....	Alden Almstead
Peter .....	Fletcher Dutton
Prince of Verona .....	Neville Brush
Paris .....	Sidney Gray
Montague .....	William Kibbler
Apothecary .....	Robert Bowen
Friar John .....	William Titmas
Abram .....	David Lloyd
Watch .....	Morris Wild
Page to Romeo .....	Stanislas Heron
Page to Mercutio .....	William Argo
Page to Paris .....	Valentine Porter
Page to Tybalt .....	Richard Catlett
Page to Benvolio .....	Roland Usher
Page to Petruchio .....	Harry Leon Wilson Jr.
Juliet .....	Jadwiga Noskowiak
Nurse .....	Louise Walcott
Lady Capulet .....	Susan Porter
Lady Montague .....	Tommi Thomson
Maskers, Musicians, guards, citizens of Verona .....	
Producing Director .....	Herbert Heron
Stage Director .....	George Ball
Scenic Artist .....	Clay Otto
Music .....	Thomas Vincent Cator

Mrs. S. E. Epler of Los Angeles is visiting Mrs. Jennie Coleman and Mrs. Ella Rigney on her way home from attending the N. E. A. convention at Seattle, as a delegate from her home city.

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## PERSONAL MENTION

**R**UTH Austin danced, and Eleanor Watson sang at a tea given for the R. O. T. C. at Del Monte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Baker, and their two young sons, George and Jerry, of Piedmont, have taken a cottage in town for the summer months.

Alice Seckels is touring in Switzerland at present, where she joined her aunts from New York. Doria Fernanda and her mother are at present in Milan and Miss Seckels spent a few days with them. She will visit friends in London and come home by way of Canada next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Janss and the Misses Betty, Gladys and Virginia Janss have arrived on the Peninsula for an extended stay. Mrs. Janss is the sister of Mrs. Malcolm McNaughton of Pebble Beach and Los Angeles, who is at present occupying her home here. Betty and Virginia Janss will attend the newly established Douglas Camp for Girls near the Monterey Peninsula Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Cope entertained at a barbecue last Friday evening at their home on Camino Real and Ocean. After a delightful Spanish dinner the guests played bridge. Some of those present were, Mr. and Mrs. Woody Rowntree, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mrs. Jack Carter, Marion Todd, Hilda Argo, Helen Wilson, Marjorie Smith, Misses Ernestine Renzel, Dorothy Stewart, Bee Rea, and Messrs. James Doud, Billy Hudson, John Ward, Tad Stinson, Major William W. Erwin, Captains Lawrence Patterson, John W. Schwiltzer and Lieutenant Douglas MacNair.

Tom McNamara, the cartoonist, creator of "Us Fellows", and Walter Percival, the

well known actor, were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheridan at their home in Carmel Woods. McNamara fell completely under the spell of Carmel, and went to Robles del Carmelo and bought land on which he will build a cabin in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd of San Francisco were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea at Carmel Highlands last week. The Boyds were on their way to Santa Barbara and Hollywood.

Mrs. Beatrice Larned Massey and her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Edward Larned, of Santa Barbara are spending a few days in Carmel and Del Monte on their way to the Big Basin.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breck of New York are the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Selby. The Brecks recently returned from Berlin where Mr. Breck has charge of the reparations commission established by Parker Gilbert.

Miss Dorothy Burns, who will ride her horse "Bay Rum", at the Salinas Rodeo next week, gave an interesting exhibition of jumping at a barbecue in the Deserted Indian Village last week. Some of those who made up the party were Mrs. John Maltman of Los Angeles, Mrs. Fred Henderson and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Du Rosey. Miss Carolyn Strouse of Pasadena, Mrs. Mark Requa, Miss Orta Helbing, Messrs. George Riley, Oren Taft 3rd, T. R. Williams and Henry W. Hunter.

Mrs. Corrie Leber of Oakland is visiting with her cousin, Mrs. William Titmas for a few weeks.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis R. Decker, now living at Scottsville, New York, have received the news of the birth of a baby girl in the latter part of June.

Miss Grace Morris is visiting her aunt, Mrs. George Boke, at her home on Santa Lucia street for several days this week.

Herbert Heron left yesterday morning for San Francisco, where he will choose the costumes for Romeo and Juliet.

Professor and Mrs. Tyrell Williams, of Washington University, St. Louis, are coming to Carmel this week to be the guests of Mr. Burton Williams and his sister Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter. Dr. Williams is a professor of law at the college, and is taking the Canadian Pacific route west.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hartley, Miss Elsa Blackman and her guest Miss Edna Owings are going down the Coast to Trails Lodge this week.

L. E. Gottfried entertained informally at cards on Sunday evening. His guests

were Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Tad Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Glassell, Mrs. Paul Flanders, Helen Wilson and Marian Todd, Miss Katherine Cooke, Grace Morris, and Mr. Ernest Schweningner.

After the production of Romeo and Juliet at the Forest Theater, Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter is taking her daughter Valentine to La Jolla, where they will remain about three weeks. Valentine will attend Mrs. Frank Russell's summer school in Music and Rhythm. Mrs. Porter, her daughter, Miss McKay and Hollis Swope of St. Louis, who has been visiting Miss Bulkley, spent several days at Trails Lodge last week.

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## Notes and Comment



**W**ITH an eagerness that is not at all limited to this community Carmel awaits the arrival of the new Ford automobile which, we have it from no less a source of authority than Detroit itself, is to depart most radically from any and every model the Ford works has turned out in the long life of its past. Instead of the planetary system of speeds, the new Ford is to adopt the regulation gear-shifting common to all other makes of cars. It is otherwise, as we are told, the same old Ford in appearance. And the interesting and fascinating thing about it all is that there are virtually millions of people throughout the country interested—even excited about this new Ford—who have no intention of buying one, no matter how cheap or how good. But there are two elements in this Ford situation that make it fascinating to the American public. The first in consideration, if not in importance, is the fact that ever since anyone who today drives an automobile can remember, the name of Henry Ford has been connected with a low-priced, practical automobile, the number of which in use has far exceeded that of any other make. So prolific have become the Fords, and so lasting, no matter into what delapidated condition their so-called superstructures may have deteriorated, that they have outrun the army mule as a butt for jokes, and for corresponding usefulness. And for almost as many years as the aforementioned onlookers can remember, the Ford has maintained its particular and peculiar standard of physical beauty, with the exception of a slight change two years ago when the current model assumed to let itself down a bit closer to the ground. But in the main the Ford of today—speaking generally of the touring car—is the Ford of fifteen years ago, and even considering the sedan and the coupe, it works the same as to mechanism. The second point that has its part in the present universal interest displayed in a new Ford—and it has a strong bearing on the first—is the fact that a new car, of another make, and put into the field by a corporation as strong and powerful as that of Henry Ford, and selling for about the same price, has been principally responsible for an annoying decrease in Ford sales over a period of two years. The Chevrolet has found much favor with many who want to own an automobile, have little money with which to purchase and maintain one, and who have shied at a Ford because—well, just because it is a Ford. The Chevrolet has offered big car mechanism in a cheap car body, and it has made tremendous strides in sales and distribution. Probably no concern of smaller extent than the General Motors could have produced a car that could so effectively compete with the

Ford, but it has done so, and Henry Ford has felt the pressure. So, it has developed into a battle between Henry Ford, long the biggest individual in the automobile industry, and the General Motors corporation, probably the greatest manufacturing concern in the world today. This is to be a battle and it contains all the charm of battle with the exception of the blood. The General Motors has won the first skirmish. It has forced the enemy to change his ammunition. He can't shoot Fords out of his big guns any longer. With the arrival of the new car the Ford of history and of sentiment and of bathos is gone forever.

**B**OB RITCHIE dug up an interesting and instructive historical record the other day while roaming around in the old California mining country for which he has a great fondness. He found a copy of the Sierra Democrat of February, 1858. In it was a big two-column advertisement of a Grand Celebration and Ball in honor of George Washington's birthday, to be held in the Golden Nugget saloon at Downieville. The chairman of the committee of arrangements was listed as none other than Louis F. Byington of Brandy City. Louis F. Byington was a grandfather of Byington Ford of Pebble Beach.

**W**HEN a thing's a Benefit for a good cause it deserves consideration; when it is a good benefit it should draw beyond all bounds. We are given to understand that "The Fire Brigade", the motion picture which is to be shown at the Manzanita Theater on Monday and Tuesday of next week for the benefit of the Carmel Fire department, is a very good picture indeed. Those who have seen the film at Monterey are enthusiastic about it; its reality and its thrills. It is hoped that Carmel will not only respond to the needs of the fire department by attending the shows, but will buy tickets from the fire boys in order to see a cracking good picture. It is to the

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THE other day we overheard one of our feminine merchants endeavoring to learn from Trustee Fenton Foster the reason for the present apparent argument anent the Harrison Memorial library. In fact, we were present at the argument, but did not enter into it. We suspected that Fenton Foster knew very little about what he was talking and his answers to the questions asked him proved it to such an extent that we felt it would be hopeless and a waste of time to mix into the thing. Fenton Foster said that it was all very simple; that Mrs. Harrison said nothing definite in her will as to the nature of the library building she wished constructed with the money she left; that plans had been drawn, specifications offered to contractors, and a contract let after the bidding was made. That's all there was to it, according to Councilman Foster—which, as we say, shows how much Fenton Foster knows about it.

In another part of this issue of The Cymbal is a letter from Jo Mora, who forgets more every night about this library matter than Fenton Foster will ever know, and Mr. Mora's version isn't so simple.

If we take him at his word, Fenton Foster doesn't know that a former board of trustees asked the executors of the Harrison estate to provide it with details of Mrs. Harrison's wishes in the matter; that these details were provided; that plans were drawn and accepted by a vote of the trustees; and that this action has never been rescinded. If Mr. Foster thinks that the present action of the present board is simple, why wasn't the action of the other board, which was just as deliberate, just as simple? And two simple things mixed into one make a complication.

IF the members of Carmel's city council had any fleeting confidence in a silly editorial comment that they compose the "best governing body we have yet had," it must have been quickly dissipated last week when individually or collectively they took the sun or fog on the broad highways of the city. If they were not covered with confusion because of the expressed contempt of their constituents for their action in favoring a no-dog ordinance they were heaped with embarrassment because of the ire of citizens anent the proposal to pave Santa Lucia street. It is pathetically appalling how many and how varied are the errors of the present city councilmen. We thought at first that their pomposity was their method of presenting a front against all opposition; we now suspect that it is a manifestation of pride in their acts. Can anything be more humorous than that—or more sad?

The dog situation is the most serious just at present—it will be some time before the Santa Lucia paving is at all threatening. As for the dogs, The Cymbal desires to know what the people of the city think about it. It believes it knows, but it wants to be sure. On the first page of the paper this week we have a ballot.

Fill it out and send it in, or bring it in. Personally, we feel that two or three of our pompous councilmen are less attractive in their enjoyment of the freedom of the streets than some of our dogs, but what do you think about it?

Mrs. J. B. Roberts and Mrs. Vance Thompson of Hollywood were on the Peninsula this week. Both ladies have purchased land on Carmel Point, and Mrs. Thompson will erect an effective Italian house on her lots in the near future.

Mrs. Sara Deming, president of the Arts and Crafts Club announces that the regular Sunday tea at the Arts and

Crafts Hall will be omitted on July 24 because of the tea to be given at White Cedars in honor of Mr. Lawrence Strauss and Mr. Frank Wickman.

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## Two Pieces of Good Versing

### In Bohemia

I'd rather live in Bohemia than any other land;  
For only there are the values true,  
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.  
The prizes of traffic and state are won  
By shrewdness or force or by deeds un-  
done;  
But fame is sweeter without the feud,  
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.  
Here, pilgrims stream with a faith sublime  
From every class and clime and time,  
Aspiring only to be enrolled  
With the names that are writ in the book of gold;  
And each one bears in mind or hand  
A palm of the dear Bohemian land.  
The scholar first, with his book—a youth  
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth;  
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,  
A boy with a wolf he had modeled in clay;  
A smith with a marvelous hilt and sword,  
A player, a king, a plowman, a lord—  
And the player is king when the door is past,  
The plowman is crowned, and the lord is last!

I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land;  
There are no titles inherited there,  
No hoard or hope for the brainless heir;  
No gilded dullard native born  
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn;  
Bohemia has none but adopted sons;  
It's limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs;  
Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,  
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.  
To the empty heart in a jeweled breast  
There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;  
But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know  
The moistureless froth of the social show;  
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast  
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;  
The organized charity, scrimped and iced,  
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;  
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,  
When a friend in need is a friend in want;  
Where the only aim is to keep afloat,

And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.  
Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart  
and the grasp of a friendly hand,  
And I'd rather live in Bohemia than any other land.  
—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

### Sunday Night

THE dagos in the valley, by the river  
and the trees,  
Are playing on harmonicas Italian melodies.  
They lie along the river bank beneath a willow trunk,  
And feed their women cherry wine to try  
and make them drunk.  
While on the hill I lie alone and listen to their song  
And think of all the things I'd do if you had come along.

The harmonicas are faltering, and laughter's breaking in.  
The dagos tell their ladies of the luxury of sin.  
They show their calloused fingers, and say they've earned the right,  
Of living as they please to live, at least on Sunday night.

While quietly I lie alone and listen to their song,  
And think of all the things I'd say if you had come along.

And when the music ceases, they will fill the women's ears  
With arguments and promises, allaying all their fears.  
To give the men their pleasure is a duty not to shirk,  
For early Monday morning they are going back to work.

So on the hill I lie alone, and listen to their song,  
And wonder if you'd think the same if you had come along.

LAWSON PENDLETON COOPER

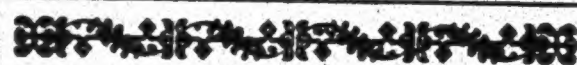
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# Eric Wilkinson Gazes Upon Tahiti—and He Likes It

Papeete, July 29

**L**AFAYETTE, we are here! Figure to yourself, my friend—Pardon! But the strain of talking French seems to be telling, however even after four days, Tahiti seems unreal, like some beautiful tantalizing dream from which one may awake at any moment to prosaic reality. And the entrance to this Paradise! Just before dawn we passed through the outer reef which circles the island about a mile off-shore. Suddenly the sky changed from purple to a lemon-yellow revealing the shadowy outlines of Aorai and Diadem peaks against the clouds. Gradually the light changed to mauve and finally to golden-red as we steamed through the mirror-like lagoon unbelievably deep, except here and there where the treacherous coral banks loomed up on either side of the channel within a foot or two of the surface. On the circular shore line rose the ubiquitous palms, seemingly growing out of the sea itself, while through these we caught glimpses of little white green-shuttered houses and one or two wooden spires of the churches. Along the wharf, a primitive wooden affair dating back to the seventies, lay half a dozen schooners breathing romance in their sleep, beach-combers of the seas many of them, but beautiful in the dawn light, of Papeete harbor. Hardly daring to breathe lest we should awake and the island disappear, we looked back towards the reef whence we had come only to discover an even more lovely sight. Some ten miles away, invisible before the dawn, but now glowing like an uncut ruby in an opal sea lay the island of Moorea, its jagged peaks softened by the rosy light in curious contrast with the now blazing yellow strand of Papeete before us.

Even now, after four days at Johnny's hotel, I can hardly take my eyes off Moorea which I can see from the balcony perched on the edge of Papeete lagoon. Little wonder that Stevenson succumbed to its charm and mystery.

A motor trip down the island during the first day disclosed hundreds of beautiful little coves and smaller lagoons, unspoiled by man and his artificial improvements on nature, but with an occasional fisherman's hut which enhanced the picture if possible. Soon we hope to take one of these huts and live for a while by the world forgot! Papeete, beautiful though it is, somewhat spoiled by the presence of the Chinese, mercenary and smelly as usual. Another incongruity is the presence of the H. M. S. Cruiser, Diomedes from New Zealand. Far be it from us to complain—I would hate to say how many Gin Fizzes and Martinis we have received from the hospitable Navy on board. All the Englishmen are welcome at any time, and all the English on the island pay a

visit at least once a day, all three of us in fact. Also the Americans! If there is such a thing as any misunderstanding between the two nations, it certainly does not exist down here—we are more than friendly and filled with a mutual admiration for each other's capacity. The fame of certain Carmelites who have previously visited Tahiti remains to this day!

Nevertheless the cruiser is rather incongruous and the presence of bluejackets on shore with their golden-brown companions in pareus and Tiare flowers gives Papeete a rather Gilbert and Sullivan touch, especially when the night picket-boat returns from shore leave. It is rather funny to watch a little band of Tahitians with ukeleles speed the departing boat singing. "To me te vav to go tome" Sailors seem to have a knack of instruction as linguists, and one can hardly blame them, some of the pupils are decidedly worth it! Let there be no doubt about it! A young Tahitian girl, especially if she has a little French blood in her, is a most entrancing sight in a pareu with a tiare flower in her hair, and such hair! No wonder the white women here do not dare to bob their hair as a rule, they have a pretty hard time holding their own as it is, and by their own I don't mean hair!

It is a little too soon to be able to give many impressions as yet, but by the next mail—I may have more. At present we are trying hard to get acclimatized and adaptable, and believe me, in this land of

wine, fruit, and fish, not to mention other things, it takes some trying! Until next mail, Iora na oe!

—ERIC WILKINSON

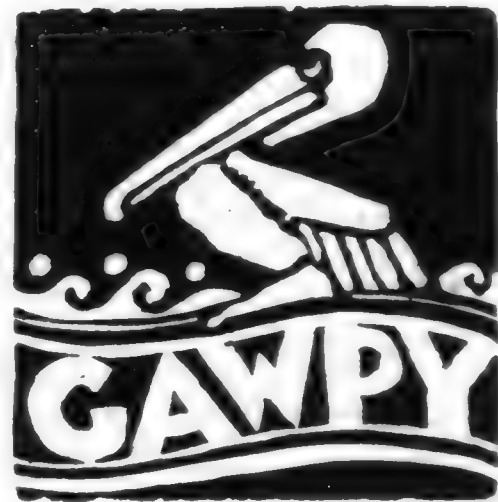
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## Jo Mora

(Continued from Page One)

vide and perfectly safe for us to undertake the commission. So I accepted, and thus starts the long sad story.

At my first interview with Miss Conway, she frankly told me that the design of this library would have to be in strict accordance with the wishes of Mrs. Harrison as she knew them; that it should follow the lines of the Monterey Customs House, what building materials were to be used, its general size and character of interior, etc., etc. There were no conditions that to my mind seemed objectionable so I subsequently commenced work, without a contract, I must foolishly admit, but feeling it would be plain sailing from Mr. Campbell's assurance.

In time I finished this glorious job, adhering strictly to all the wishes of Mrs. Harrison as I had noted them down, and Miss Conway seemed pleased with the result, stating that she felt she had been true to her trust as executrix in carrying out her friend's wishes as she knew them. Anthony had checked off every item on the job and was ready to give a bond to build it for the funds on hand had he been called upon to do so.

Then came the grand powwow in San Francisco when the legacy and plans were to be turned over to the Carmel authorities. We met at Mr. Harrison's office and among those present were the following: the Messrs. Harrison and Miss Conway as executors, Mr. Argyll Campbell, city attorney of Carmel; Mr. W. T. Kibbler, chairman of our board; Mr. J. C. Anthony, and your humble servant. Small inkling had I at that glorious moment that I was soon to be elected into the High and Exalted Order of the Capra.

The details incidental to turning over the money, etc., etc., were duly discussed and then my plans and specifications were produced and spread out on the table, and everybody gave them the once over, expressing their dignified approval in well-chosen and appropriate terms. I must modestly add; It was explained to Messrs. Kibbler and Campbell how these plans had been made and that they carried out the desires of Mrs. Harrison in regard to the building and that the executors turned them over to them in the fulfillment of their trust. There was some question about the lighting system and an appointment was made then by telephone for me to meet a certain S. F. Librarian that same afternoon to discuss this matter. So the plans were not turned over to the Carmel authorities at this time as I was obliged to arrange the lighting system on my drawings.

Then came a memorable meeting of the board at Carmel and I sneaked in to see the doings and possibly to hear the encomiums that I felt certain would be lavished upon me as the eminent designer, etc., etc. Mr. Kibbler gave a snappy resume of his trip with Mr. Campbell to the

gay metropolis and told of having received the legacy, in just what kind of bonds, etc. When he had finished, Perry Newberry, then a member of the board, asked Mr. Kibbler if to his knowledge any designer, or architect, or what not, had been consulted concerning the designing of the proposed library, and Kibbler answered, "No". Perry asked if he was correct in surmising that they then had everything before them and nothing back of them. The answer came "Yes". Perry then counselled to be not hasty over this matter but to give it due consideration and thought.

At this juncture I must confess I got the odor of a rodent, but as I had considered the Harrison executors my clients, I just said nothing and wondered what it was all about. And the next move in this affair was the frenzied petition to have Sumner Greene design the library. This meant nothing to me, except that the arguments used by some of the sponsors of that petition were rather insulting to me, and several of the merry villagers that had affixed their signatures to that scroll later came to me and apologized.

But this was only a side issue and the next important step was the acceptance by the board of my plans and specifications. Later on the astute Dennis found a terrible flaw in my specifications. I had called for hand-tooled ceiling beams, but had failed to specify just what kind of hand-tooling. This was a terrible blow to me, but he stalled for time and got it and the whole affair dragged on and on into seeming oblivion. Weeks dragged into months and the months accumulated, and needing some spending money I wrote to Miss Conway stating that I considered the Harrison Executors my clients and could they kindly slip me a few ducats on account. I got an answer from both Miss Conway and the Harrisons, and if I had ever held any foolish illusions that they were my clients they certainly came near being dissipated right then and there. I shall quote a couple of extracts from the Harrison letter, as it has considerable bearing on the case. The capitalization is mine.

"Permit me to say that I consider you entirely mistaken in saying that you had nothing to do with Carmel, and also in assuming that Miss Conway and the Harrison Heirs were your clients in the matter. On the contrary, you unquestionably knew from the start that the proposed library was to be constructed by and under the supervision of the public authorities of Carmel, and was to be paid for in all details, including the compensation of any architect employed in the matter, out of a

fund distributed for that purpose by the Superior Court to the city trustees under the provisions of Mrs. Harrison's will. Upon any other theory there could have been no reason for HAVING THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES and the CITY ATTORNEY TAKE PART IN THE DISCUSSION OF THE MATTER IN SAN FRANCISCO, which was the only occasion upon which either my brother or I had any communication with you. Our participation in that discussion was not as principals but was due solely to the fact that, as you knew, the CARMEL AUTHORITIES HAD EXPRESSED FROM THE BEGINNING A DESIRE THAT THE TYPE OF BUILDING TO BE ADOPTED SHOULD BE IN ACCORDANCE WITH MRS. HARRISON'S WISHES. Under these circumstances I can see no basis for any assumption that you were acting for any client other than the City of Carmel.

There certainly was some difference of opinion as to the identity of my clients! I considered going to court about it for a few fleeting moments, but soon gave up the thought. I have no stomach for trials and the game was not worth the candle. To get into expensive litigation for such a small stake as this would have been, did not look very alluring to me. I had paid out several hundred dollars for draughtsman's wages, trips to the city, etc., and

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considered it all as pay for an education in human nature and ethics in general. So I called it a day and scratched it off the ledger. My creed may be Quixotic but you can't change us. You should just be kind to us.

Then came the new administration, and our genial mayor dropped in to see me to discuss this library affair and get my views upon it. I saw plainly what he was after so I just told him how I stood, that I considered the Harrison executors my clients, that I had had no contract with them, that I had turned my work over to them, that I had received no pay, and that the Carmel board now had my drawings and that I supposed they would do what they damned pleased with them. He went away evidently very pleased with the interview and not long after that we were treated to that sticky molasses bunk of the board, asking and inviting all of us to submit our ideas on the proposed library that they might design in strict accordance with the wishes of the dear Carmel people, God bless them!

More tempus fugit and the plot certainly thickens. Out pop the Murphy-Maybeck consulting architect plans and specifications. Then the call for bids. Then Mrs. Shipley's injunction. Then the fire works. Now let me state right here that I have had nothing to do with any of these affairs, in any way, shape or manner. The sheriff slipped me a subpoena and on the given day I jammed the breeze for Salinas as a hefty witness. And now comes a cute little incident that almost started a peeve. On my arrival in the courthouse corridor I saw many familiar faces and otherwise. Our genial mayor for the benefit of all assembled, greeted me thusly: "O hello Jo! Came here to get your \$500, eh? Think you'll get it?" Now John is an incorrigible wit, we all know, and being unfortunately devoid of humor myself, I was forced to laugh it off with some foolish remark and took refuge within the sacred portals of the courtroom. It was still rather early so I edged my way out again trying to make myself as small and inconspicuous as possible. But John's eagle eye spotted me and once more I was hailed in the same fashion. And to make a long story short, during the noon recess he regaled me for the third time with the same identical witty sally. I was almost commencing to see the latent humor of it all, and yet the only revenge I could get was to see John at the nether end of that huge box of exhibits, which never were shown, perspiring like a union stevedore, yet showing Fred Wermuth up as a mere weakling.

Anyhow they put me on as the first witness and I got just as far as telling my name and occupation. That was all, for after that the fireworks commenced and it was not till late in the afternoon that they finally canned me from giving any testimony that might be irrelevant and not pertaining to the case. But the trial is a matter of record and sic transit gloria

mundi.

Then of a Sunday morning John Jordan and I had a chance meeting. In the good old days it might have been at the corner Dutchman's or some thirst emporium, but in this chemically pure day it happened to be a Carmel gasoline station. The conversation turned to "our Rembrandts" and the like, and I told him what I knew about them which was very little for I have never seen them, though I did get a liberal education on what he thought of Mr. van Rijn's efforts and what he would give for a carload of them. Then John talked of the library and asked me several questions concerning same and when my answers did not coincide with his exalted viewpoint he was most emphatic in asking me what the hell I was crabbing about. I have since heard that we had several interested spectators on this occasion and I am also informed that our merry chatter was carried on with some fervor and eclat, accompanied at times by language that was highly expressive even if painfully unconventional. Well, be that as it may, we were having a good time and it does a fellow good to get certain things off his system. We did. He told me that people were continually coming to him and asking him what in the name of the torrid zone was the matter with Jo Mora in regard to this library. I knew this to be another of John's witty wanderings but I promised I would come out with my story that everybody might know the way of the whence and thus save him all the time and trouble of answering these solicitous and well meaning individuals.

But now comes the classic of the whole epic, and especially will this be interesting to the faithful few on both sides who attended the trial. In discussing the ethics of the case, drop the prefix if you wish, I asked him how he looked upon the fact that the board of trustees had already accepted my plans and specifications. He told me without guile just what he cared for the doings of the Kibbler administration and furthermore that he did not know that the previous board had ever accepted my plans. This assertion was certainly a master stroke and all I could do was to ask him what in heck he was doing when the city clerk of Carmel was put on the witness stand, produced the minutes and Attorney Lacey read in full details just what transpired at that meeting when the

plans were accepted. John's naive answer was that during all that time he was engaged in such noisy tomfoolery and horseplay with his associates that he had heard nothing about it. I consider that a classic to be handed down to posterity in the annals of Carmel. All I can say is that it is a mighty good thing the judge didn't make our dignified mayor stay after school for being so naughty. But I take his word for it even if some of the nasty sceptics do not.

To sum it all up, I was commissioned by Miss Conway, as executrix, to do this work. I carried out faithfully every wish of Mrs. Harrison as it was told me. I have since learned that the Carmel authorities had expressed a desire to carry out the design in accordance with this lady's wishes. I know my plans and specifications were shown and discussed with the chairman of the board and the city attorney. I know they were accepted by the board. I do not know that this resolution had ever been rescinded; possibly it has, but I know nothing of it. I know I have received no pay from any source and that for doing what I considered an ordinary legitimate job. And I know also that I have never asked Carmel for a penny and know I would not get it if I did. Yet I am a crab and a very naughty boy for not joining in three rousing cheers for the present board and all the noble and self-sacrificing efforts they are engaged in. I guess there must be something wrong with me, so that will be all.

—JO MORA

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# Something About the two Sinclairs—Upton and Lewis

(from TIME)

**A**UTHORS Upton Beall Sinclair and Sinclair Lewis are sometimes confused in the casual mind and not only because of their names. As penmen they are stylistic cousins of whom the younger and cleverer—Mr. Lewis—has far surpassed in ability and notoriety his more intellectual and radical elder. Yet when Sinclair Lewis was but a red-headed young yahoo learning at Upton Sinclair's colony, Helicon Hall (Englewood, N. J.), the rudiments of a Socialism which he was later to abandon for a creed 100 percent egocentric, Upton Sinclair was already a celebrity by inversion, a rebel whose voice of loud and monotonous dissent had long been heard in the land.

As literary sensations then went, *The Jungle* (1905) flaying Chicago's stockyards, *The Metropolis* (1908) flaying Manhattan and *The Brass Check* (1919) flaying journalism, were equivalent to the later temblors of *Main Street* and *Babbitt*. And it may be to the credit of both Author Sinclair and the U. S. reading public that this early excitement was caused by a thinker preaching dogma whereas the later upheaval was caused by an angry reporter simply registering hearty disgust. Sinclair Lewis flays his fellow citizens body and soul. Upton Sinclair, a more civilized person, flayed and still flays only their minds, with hints about physical and spiritual deportment jotted in only as helpful, logical corollaries. Sinclair Lewis, vulgarian, constitutes himself the scourger of Vulgarity. Upton Sinclair, Marxian pedant, is the novelist-nemesis of Capitalism.

In 1925, Mr. Sinclair issued a windy discourse, *Mammonart*, purporting to outline the history of Art and show that it has always been the valet of opulence. In 1923 he prescribed for U. S. education in *The Goose-Step*. But it is eight years since he has published a novel. The appearance of one this summer might have passed unnoticed—for Sinclair Lewis and others have long since so improved upon the Sinclair journalese that what once seemed striking is now stale as War news. But some policemen in Boston found passages in the book which made them feel it should be suppressed. Recalling H. L. Mencken's coup with "Hatrack" in the *American Mercury* under similar circumstances, Mr. Sinclair hurried off to Boston, imitated the Mencken tactics of selling his contraband publicly and orating on Boston Common, and of recent weeks the book has had a sale over which even a Communist might not be able to conceal his satisfaction.

The *Story of Oil!*, like all Mr. Sinclair's stories, has appeared at length in the news-

papers. Also it has been picked up and messed with for its political content by Samuel Hopkins Adams, a third-rate novelist, author of *Revelry*. It is the story of the Oil scandal, the Ohio Gang and the late President Harding, dragged out again and jumbled in with a lot of other sensational copy—the evangelic vagaries of Aimee Semple McPherson, athletic professionalism at the University of Southern California, high class prostitution at Hollywood, California's "Reds," labor colleges, built to reproduce life as Mr. Sinclair has seen it lived in Southern California, and mentally foundationed—or undermined—to show Capitalism as the cause of all that is horrid in the Golden West, Communism as the hope of all that is hopable there by Author Sinclair and the woeful workers whose Moses he is.

Like many bores, Mr. Sinclair is genial; like more, he has investigated his subject. So the characters are appealing—J. Arnold Ross, onetime muleteer, rough-hewn oil baron; his son, Bunny, honest by his lights, which shift from the Kliegs of Hollywood to the rising Soviet sun; their friends, enemies, mistresses and Bunny's "Wobbly" comrades for whom great sympathy is obtained by their physical distresses including suicide by drowning in an oil well. All actual personages save the three Presidents of the era—Wilson, Harding, Coolidge—are heavily disguised, Aimee McPherson even appearing male. The action, so swift that it becomes uneventful, embraces Bunny's biography to his enlightened mid-twenties and the father's up to his death in Europe as an oil-smeared refugee from U. S. justice.

The properties are conscientiously collected and arranged in about one-third of the book but Author Sinclair evidently got weary of the creative task he had set himself and fell back on bare-faced bedtime simplicity when his spirit drooped. It is readable because the legions of sentences are compact and brisk of pace, the characters "stay put" and the anti-Capitalistic sermon at the end only lasts a paragraph. Nevertheless, even so ardent a Socialist and generous a man as Floyd Dell must be suspected of gentle hypocrisy when he declares of *Oil!*: "I can hardly tear myself away from it."

Writing in the current *Nation*, Author Sinclair describes himself: "Behold me—the prize prude of the radical movement; a man who can say that he has never told a smutty story in his life and who was once described by his former marital partner, through the papers of the civilized world, as 'an essential monogamist'—a very old foggy thing to be . . ."

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## The Daughter of Denis Kearney

THOSE who knew San Francisco in earlier days than these and knew, too, the Denis Kearney story well enough to visualize the famous "rabble rouser" on the corners of Montgomery and Washington and, even, on the street that bears his name, will be interested in a story in the Paris edition of the New York Herald which tells of the present "exploits" of Mildred Kearney. After a paragraph identifying Kearney, the story goes on to say:

This man had a daughter, Mildred. He sent her to Europe where she made her debut at the Opera-Comique as a singer. Today, Miss Kearney, very much a "chip off the old block," is again in Paris, bidding for fame in her own right as the first American woman publisher in a foreign land. She is the cause and directing force of the "Paris Comet," the new magazine edited, printed and produced in this city. It made its first appearance on the bookstands last week.

One or two persons may know of this Denis Kearney from Bryce and Stevenson and other chroniclers of the Victorian period who saw in him only a loud-mouthed rowdy and nothing more. After their description of him, a glance at Miss Kearney is a bit of a shock. He may have been crude and a demagogue, but you are ready to believe that there was quality, too, as you feel the charm of this woman, recognize her tremendous personality.

Miss Kearney, at the present time, is interested only in the success of the "Paris Comet" which, she maintains, gives Americans in Europe a smart timely magazine presented as the big publications back home are handled. It is patterned, to some extent, after "The New Yorker," with special attention to drama, English American, and French, motion pictures and sports. Considerable attention is given to life in Paris, in gossip and story form. Fiction, also, is being given a place inside its covers. The contributors are all well-known and specialists in their departments.

Kearney drove a one-horse dray in the days of his fame, his daughter explained, when the discussion of her new magazine ended. After his day's work he would speak from the wagon and the crowd got so big he had to move to the sand lots. It was he who gave Nob Hill its name. He called the rich who lived there "the honorable bilks," and the "plug hat brigade." And the phrases stuck. He was a great orator, crude, but with a gift for languages and a deep and genuine sympathy. Times were hard in the late seventies. The opening of the Pacific railroad had brought depression instead of prosperity. Chinese coolies, imported for railroad construction, were dumped on the labor market, and wages had gone to less than a dollar a day.

The Irish-American's meetings were

heralded by bonfires and drew thousands of excited men. The millionaires had built their mansions on Nob Hill and were entertaining lavishly while hundreds were starving. Kearney's mob, on more than one occasion, marched to Nob Hill and all but dragged the Chinese servants from the big houses. Vigilantes were organized but not needed for Kearney always kept his following in hand. He believed in the ballot and it was only his talk that was wild.

They arrested him often but it did no good. Thousands would gather at the jail on the day of his release and conduct him triumphantly to the sand-lot, there to cheer and fete him.

"When I was a slip of a girl," Miss Kearney said, "I went to London to study music. I was on the street one day when King Edward and Queen Alexandra passed in their carriage. I was alone in the block and all by myself stood at the curb and made a deep curtesy. I wrote my father about it and still have his reply 'It's all right,' he said, 'but don't forget you are a Republican and daughter of a grand Democracy.' And I never did."

Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," points out that Kearney's agitation culminated in the formation of the Workingmen's Party of California which forced the calling of a constitutional convention, swept the State in the election of delegates and rewrote the constitution as Kearney wanted it. The famous document, multifariously amended, is the charter law of California today. He died in 1906, having refused all public offices including nomination and assured election as Governor.

## The Circus is Coming

THE Circus is coming. Not only the children but the grown-ups in Carmel are interested in that announcement. August 6, at 2 P. M., in the City lot on Ocean Avenue and Mission street. That is the place, and the time. The stunts, well some will be the same as two years ago, but there will be new ones galore, and it is even rumored new animals will be shown, that have never in the history of Carmel been seen on our streets.

Marie Gordan will be the executive head of the circus, and she has three successes to her credit already. Arthur Cyril, who two years ago made the most beautiful bareback rider in captivity, will run

## THE CARMEL CYMBAL

the tent show. The committees in charge of various other branches of the work, such as the street parade, the decorations and food booths will be announced later.

## AT THE MANZANITA

Attractions at the Manzanita Theater for the coming week will be, tonight, "Fashions for Women", with Esther Halston and Raymond Hatton; Thursday and Friday, "After Six Days", visualizing creation from Adam and Eve to the Songs of Solomon; Saturday, "The Outlaw Dog", with Ranger; Sunday, "The Telephone Girl", Madge Bellamy and Holbrook Blinn; Monday and Tuesday, "Flesh and the Devil" with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.



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